Roxbury, July 12, 1870.

My dear Wendell:

It is so rare a thing for you to be unwell, to the extent of keeping at home, that we are all naturally feeling a good deal of solicitude on your account, especially as a letter just received from George states that you have had a relapse. You certainly cannot too quickly throw aside all your office labors, and give yourself to the one vitally important object of recuperating your long overtasked mental and physical powers. I am glad to hear, therefore, that it is your purpose to do so, and that you think of paying us a visit at Rockledge, at least before the expiration of your term of absence. If Lucy and the children can come with you, all the better. I should like to make several little excursions with you to Newburyport, Amesbury, Lynn, &c.

We see so little of each other that I all the more desire to be with you as much as practicable during your vacation; yet I would not have you alter any of your plans on my account, but rather consult your own views and feelings as to the best method of occupying your time, and the most desirable excursions to make. No doubt it would be very pleasant to you to have Frank for a companion, as I am sure it would be to him to attend you; but his chance of a temporary respite is not immediate, and not at all certain in the future; so it is not worth while to build any plans upon such a reunion and conjunction.

Harry left us on Monday morning on his New Hampshire tour of discovery, via Winnipesaukee Lake and Centre Harbor. He expects to be gone a fortnight, I believe. He requires so many things to satisfy him that I doubt whether he will be able to

find just such a retreat as he is seeking for himself, and Fanny, and the children, for the next two or three months. He is to be deeply sympathized with on account of his nervous condition, which causes such terrible neuralgic pains in the head.

Your mother would be more than glad to see and embrace you. She sends her thanks with mine to dear Mrs. McKim for her very interesting letter, giving us the particulars of her journey homeward with darling Lloyd. What we did for them, while here, was really worthy of no mention; for ~~a~~ truly the weather was so intolerably sultry, or so rainy, alternately, that no pleasant excursion of any kind was possible. Even Lloyd was cut off from seeing the public buildings he had seen photographically, excepting Quincy Market and Faneuil Hall. But both of them made the best of everything. Happy dispositions!

On Sunday evening I gave an extemporaneous talk, for an hour and a half, (one of a course of Liberal lectures,) on Papal and Protestant Infallibilty, at North Bridgewater. I had a large and highly respectable audience, including a number of leading orthodox people. The most marked attention was given throughout while I made a clean breast of my "heresies."

I was going to-day to Newburyport, to participate in the Ashbys' annual Laurel Festival midway between that city and Haverhill; but it has rained so heavily and the weather has looked so stormy as to keep me at home; though I presume the festival was held.

We regret to hear of Mr. McKim's indisposition, but trust it is nothing serious.

The mercury to-day is above ninety.

Your loving Father.